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BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 28, 1894.

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Just received a big lot of Blue Ribbon Flour—the best Flour on top of this flour for \$4.00. Don't forget the brand. Remember, too, that you can only get this Flour from JOHN A. AUSTIN & CO. It is the nearest approach to the \$5.00 article to be had. We have had a nice trade, indeed, for which we return our sincere thanks to our friends; but we want a larger trade, and to get it we will make special inducements in all kinds of Groceries. AUSTIN & CO. is the place. Call on us and we will give you a cordial welcome.

PALACE GROCERY.

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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

A FLORIDA VENICE.

Atlanta Constitution.

Yesterday we visited the North Island, or Palmetto Island, as it is called, and spent a happy day. There were thirteen in the party. We didn't know this until we were out at sea, and it disturbed our tranquility a little—just a little. Philosophy doesn't drive away our superstitions. This was the longest sail we have taken, and we carried enough lunch along to feed us a week, as we thought if anything should happen to us like there did to Robinson Crusoe we would not starve. It was a delightful sail of five miles, and Mr. Whitmore's little boat "Columbia" plowed the waves eagerly and sometimes threw the pure salt water over us and made the children scream with delight. Mr. Whitmore, our Swedish sailor, said: "It was werry healthy—dis salt water." Indeed, that is what gives this place its name and reputation—the continuous flow of pure salt water into the harbor from the numerous passes between the islands. It is always coming in and going out, and there is no stagnation. These islands are long and narrow. On the west side they are fringed with a beautiful beach, just as far as the eye can reach, and the surf is ever lashing the sandy shore, leaping and lapping and foaming, coming and going and moaning. The young folks brought their bathing suits along, and rejoiced in struggling with the white-capped waves. Some fishermen have built a palmetto house near by which is both a shelter and a hiding place. It is prettily thatched on top and on the sides with palm leaves, the stems of which are woven and interlaced like the basket makers do it. All around are groves of palm trees whose beautiful umbrellas tops shaded us from the sun. Beneath their shade we ate up everything we had brought. As I walked along the shell-covered beach I saw a man—just a small speck of a man—a mile away, and I thought it must be Crusoe's man Friday. Soon I saw other specks move out from the palmettoes, and these seemed like the cannibals who were getting ready to roast a prisoner. But they all plunged into the foamy waters and Mr. Whitmore said it was a bathing party from Dun Edden. This little island is made of shells—disintegrated shells—and I should think would make good phosphate. Every golf storm throws a new coat upon it, or takes away one. The fishermen get both profit and sport around these passes where the groupers and pompano and Spanish mackerel abound. It took us only half an hour to make the outward trip, but much longer to return, for it was sailing against the wind, and we had to tack and retack all the way. It was a day to be remembered, and all the thirteen were landed safe about sundown. Every day somebody goes out on one of these island excursions, for they are cheap—only \$1.50 for the whole party. There are no horses to feed or run away, no strain on anything. Indeed there is not a single private carriage in Clear Water; no driving around and leaving cars. If you can't walk you can sail or row. It is all air and water. Springs seem fairly upon us now. The olenders are in bloom and the odor of the yellow jessamine perfumes the air. Fruit-bearing trees are all in bloom. I saw an alligator pear tree in full blossom. It was eighteen inches in diameter. Its fruit is a muskmelon, and is eaten with salt and pepper. Cabbages grow to twenty-five pounds in weight and tomatoes are large and colored to perfection. Something is growing all the year round and yet nature seems to have her seasons here as in higher latitudes. And now let me say to numerous correspondents, who have asked a hundred questions, that I have no type-written card and can only say that I have no interest whatever directly or remotely in booming Clear Water. I am not a real estate agent. I have no land to sell, but the more I travel and the longer I stay the more I am satisfied with what nature has done for this place. I have an earnest desire to own a winter residence here, where my wife and others of the family can come and bask in Florida sunshine and breathe the salt air of the gulf. It is possible to live as cheaply here as anywhere, and a cottage of six rooms can be built for \$1,000. There is a good bakery here, and with good bread and butter and fish and vegetables there is no lack of food. Uncle Dan McMullen has been living here fifty-two years and says it is certainly the healthiest region on the globe.

len," said I, "if it won't pay you to market these oranges why don't you make wine of them. I see it selling in town at 50 cents a quart and it is nearly as good as sherry."

"Yes," said he, "I know it makes good wine, but there is a lot of grand-children growing up around me and I am afraid to take the responsibility. I am not a prohibitionist, but I don't want to lead my own flesh and blood into temptation." He lives four miles from town and the ground beneath his beautiful grove was yellow with the golden fruit. Late returns from the sale of common oranges have discouraged the owners from gathering and boxing and hauling to town and taking their chances with the commission merchant. The 6,000,000 boxes that a month ago were supposed to represent \$6,000,000 of profit will hardly reach the half of it. And yet everybody wants a grove and everybody who lives here or winters here ought to have a small one for home ornament and house use. I have never ceased to admire the exquisite beauty of an orange tree in blossom or in fruit, and if I get a home here I will have a dozen bearing trees transplanted to my lot. What is Florida for but to enjoy? This delicious climate was given it by a kind providence to restore the invalids of more northern latitudes. How many people have I asked "what brought you here?" and the almost invariable answer is, "I was suffering from lung trouble or asthma or catarrh or I am cured," or "my father or my mother was suffering and moved here." Certain it is that I have improved and our little grandchild is now a picture of rosy health. To save one precious life is worth more than the travel and expense of getting here.

But how about the summers? I don't know from experience, but our Cartersville friends who have lived here for several years smile at the idea of the summers being any more oppressive than in upper Georgia. Mr. Anspaugh and his wife both say that the cooling breeze from the gulf never fails them day or night, and I will believe anything they tell me. Mr. Anspaugh is a plasterer by trade and has held more mortar over his shoulder than any man in Florida. He is a horny-handed son of toil and those are the men who have no talent for lying or exaggeration. When I want the truth without dissimulation I inquire of Lewis Anspaugh. Work is dull now and so he and his good wife are taking boarders. They have fourteen in all and every one says he is content. My respect for the toilers increases with age. Longfellow's most beautiful poem is his tribute to the village blacksmith.

But still there comes a time when we want more money and less work. As we near our three score years and ten and the limbs get stiff and the blood gets thin and cold we feel like we have hit enough as old man Candler said to Dr. Miller after the first battle of Manassas. The old man was over seventy, but he fought all day like a lion. That night he was nearly dead and sent for the doctor. "Give me a discharge, doctor, for I have hit enough."

BILL ARP.

A Pretty Incident.

The most beautiful thing I saw at the fair was an old woman in one of the wheel chairs, her son pushing it. Her white hair and care-furrowed face showed she had waited more than three score and ten years for one of the happiest days of her life. The plain dress proved neither was rich in purse; but she was rich in joy, he richer than Gould in making his mother happy. I shall forget many wonderful things I saw at the fair, but never forget the little old woman in black resting so cozily in that rolling chair, her joy-lit face under the aureole of white hair, as her stalwart son bent over and told her some new wonder they were coming to. "Are we almost there, son?" "Yes, mother," he said, smiling at her child-like enjoyment, "and it will take your breath away this time, sure." And she laughed like a girl and he chuckled like a delighted boy as they passed on, not knowing that anybody noticed them. Perhaps no one else saw their happiness, but he was the one man on the grounds I envied. Oh, the proud step, as he pushed the chariot of the queen of all the world to him! Ah! her proud look as she rode through the throng, attended by the kingliest of men—the man who honors his mother. How much better that money was spent than to wait till moldered dirt in a round of monotony, then spend it chiseling the epitaph death wits from human selfishness.—*Binghamton R. publican.*

—Mrs. Fannie Millon, who resides at Millon, Ky., is perhaps the oldest lady horseback rider in the United States. She is 90 years of age. Recently she rode 10 miles on horseback to visit some relatives. She owns and rides a horse as remarkable as herself. It is 26 years old and named for General Kirby Smith, the old Confederate General. Mrs. Millon has never used spectacles in her life, her eyesight being at present as good as it was when she was 16. She is not stooped and decrepit, but erect as an Indian. She is strong physically and mentally and could dance a set with ease.

—In France the doctor's claim on the estate of a deceased patient has precedence over all others.

—We endorse all the propoietors' say about the merits of Salvation Oil. It is the greatest cure on earth for pain. 25 cts.

—Do not let your dealer palm off on you any new remedy for colds. Insist on having Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

SERMON ON SNAKES.

Snakes and Temptations Likened.

Columbia State.

The Rev. J. A. Rice, pastor of the Washington Street Methodist Church, yesterday morning preached a sermon upon the subject of "Snakes," based on the text Genesis, 3:13: "The serpent beguiled me." In the course of his discourse Mr. Rice took occasion to say that the barrooms (evidently official) and the blind tigers were serpents of temptation now investing this community, and he went on to handle them pretty severely. He referred to them as moral jungles hiding in dark corners like true serpents, doing their deadly work just as the vilest serpent.

The following outline of the subject matter of the unusual sermon will be read with interest: Snakes have had much to do with the history of the world. They guard the secrets and sacredness of the forests and forbid or retard the advancement of civilization in those regions. They have also found places in the various systems of religion in Egypt, India, Assyria, China, Greece and indeed among about all the great religions of the world. It is not therefore surprising that it should have had an influence over Judaism and even Christianity and that Eve should have seen in the serpent the embodiment of her temptation, because of the likeness of the habits of the serpent to the characteristics of temptation. Primitive people are very observant of the habits of animals and of nature in general. They get many of their religious ideas in this way. It is thought by some that the idea of the immortality of the soul came from observing the persistence and permanence of objects in nature.

The serpent resembles temptation in its dwelling place. It hugs the earth. So does temptation come from things earthly. Its origin is not from God, for He tempts none. It does not come from the higher regions of light. The home of the snake is in dark corners, the jungles and among the shadows. In the moral jungles men find temptation. As among physical jungles there can be no safety, despite the greatest watchfulness and care, so are we never secure when venturing into dark corners. He who goes takes his life in his own hands. We are not safe only in the distance. The snakes of India are objects of scientific interest to me, but do not alarm me, because I do not expect to go among them. A snake on the other side of Columbia can bite trees, gnaw the pavement, attack every passer-by, but cannot hurt me if I stay on this side. Temptation is like a snake in its habit of hibernating. They may sleep for months, and then suddenly come to life and run us. In the West a couple were recently married and moved into their house, built on the mountain side with a fireplace in the mouth of a cavern and retired, only to be awakened and to die surrounded by thirty-one snakes that had been warmed into life by their fire. So does a sleeping temptation come to life when the atmosphere of life is no longer replenished from above and kept in proper condition. Nor is a fall under these circumstances an accident. The imagination can people our hemisphere with scenes of pleasure and reverie, but the old temptation will then come to life and ruin must follow. We may escape its power for months or even years at last to go down before it. A moment's carelessness may call out the monster. Temptation, like a snake, is stealthy in its approach. It sounds no bugle to declare its coming. Even the footfalls and confusion of life drown its gliding through the leaves and grass around us, and our first warning heeded is the deadly stroke. We never start out in the morning expecting to be snake bitten, nor do we expect to fall. If so, we have fallen already. It comes from unexpected quarters. May approach via the physical, the moral, the intellectual side. True, God has a sentinel at the entrance of each of these spheres, but we will not hear his voice. We ought to listen morning, noon and night for the signal of danger, for this monster leaps upon us from unexpected quarters.

Like the serpent, temptation has the power to charm. Begins by whispering of a region just beyond the boundary of our past attainment, where there are beautiful truths hitherto undiscovered, delightful experiences open to all. Have you investigated? He shall know good and evil. Ah! yes; but to get knowledge of evil is to lose that of good. Both cannot be known by experience at the same time. See the little bird as it jumps from limb to limb, crying out as it perches, coming down lower and lower, till at last it loses itself in the grip of its enemy. Such are many of the temptations of society. What means the clearance of places of vice, but that our young people are thus attracted and allured to ruin? There is pleasure in sin. What a pity that innocent childhood should thus be led into moral and spiritual darkness. This is a world of charms. We shudder at the ruin of the little bird, while we enjoy the charm that allures our own loved ones to destruction.

Temptation is like the snake in the dexterity and persistence of an attack. It searcely ever misses—always attacks our weak point. Seems to come from all sides at the same time. How terrible is the battle. Our Saviour said Satan as lightning fall from heaven. So terrible was the struggle that the heavens streamed with light when Satan fell. Jesus then stood with the spoils of the universe at his feet. There is no compromise with a snake.

One or the other must fall or we must flee when ushered into these battles. It cares not for our elements of power. What does a snake care for the kind of clothes we wear, or the home we have or our bank account? The poor, the evil, the learned, the ignorant, all are equal in a snake's eyes and are attacked with equal severity and persistence. Our temptations are only such as are common to man. Like the snake, the entrance for temptation's poison is exceedingly small. Give a snake a square inch of your body and the work is done. It is harmless till that entrance is made. May be poison two inches deep is all around, but if kept out of us there is no danger. Our Saviour's prayer, "Father save out of this hour"—preserve my integrity should be ours. But hell can go through a very small door. All beginnings are small. And the poison—how deadly! You may weep over your bitten loved one, may call to your help the best skill, but a few pains, the burning fever, then the cold beads of perspiration and then the death pallor and it is all over. These are the effects also of temptation. The pain, the feverish excitement, the chilly remorse and shame and a soul is ruined! How touching is the shame of Adam and Eve! God killed animals and made them clothes, not for His sake, but to satisfy them. So does He come to us with offers of reconciliation and peace when we fall.

Broke a Rash Vow.

TRIMBLE, TENN., Feb. 19.—Mrs. Cartell of near Trimble has just broken a rash vow which she made over 12 months ago, and which she sorrowfully regretted having ever made.

About 18 months ago Mrs. Cartell was Miss Fannie Brambley, a beautiful young lady of 18 years, and Jerry Cartell was her favored suitor. But, as is generally the case with young lovers, a quarrel arose between them, and in the heat of passion Miss Fannie angrily bade her lover leave her presence, and vowed by holy Heaven she would never speak to him again. The disconsolate lover took his departure, but as he fairly worshipped the girl he ardently set about to effect a reconciliation. At last, in answer to a pitiful pleading letter, Miss Fannie relented and penned him a loving, forgiving message.

Overjoyed at the happy termination of affairs he hurried to the home of Miss Fannie and was received warmly and affectionately, but without a word of welcome. Taking a tablet and pencil from a desk she began a written conversation, as though she could not speak a word. Cartell pleaded the uselessness and foolishness of such proceedings, but in vain, as his sweet heart positively refused to utter a word to him. She is very devout, a member of the Methodist Church, and was firmly impressed with the idea that if she should break her rash vow God would punish her by striking her dumb, when she could speak to no one. She was constantly on her guard for fear she might forget herself and speak to her lover, thereby bringing this terrible visitation upon her.

The courtship proceeded with pencil and paper for several months, and then they were joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony. During their married life of nearly a year Mrs. Cartell never spoke to her husband until some days ago.

Last Christmas Mr. Cartell made his wife a present of a handsome and costly pair of vases. The other morning the husband was bringing in an armful of wood and struck one of the vases and knocked it to the floor where it broke into an hundred pieces.

"Oh, Jerry, look what you have done!" cried Mrs. Cartell.

She was horribly shocked at speaking to her husband, and believed that she had been stricken dumb. To ascertain the correctness of her belief she spoke to him again, and was overjoyed to discover that her organs of speech had not been in the least impaired.

In the happiness of again hearing his wife speak to him, Jerry folded her in his arms, wept tears of joy and thanked God for the breaking of the vase. Mr. and Mrs. Cartell feel as if a cloud had been lifted from their home, and there is not a happier couple to-day in Dyer County.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

—The distinction of having the greatest number of tail men in one company belongs to the First Battalion of the Scots Guards. The "A" or right flank company of that battalion have over 90 men on its roll, and their average height is 6 feet 21 inches. There are 12 men in the company over 6 feet 4 inches, and one stands slightly over 6 feet 7 inches. No individual member of the company is less than 6 feet in height.

A WAR STORY.

Between Fairfax Court House and Washington city, there was still standing in a state of good preservation, at the beginning of the ill-starred war of the States, a venerable colonial building, which though built for Church of England divines, was known to the Confederates as Fall's Church. Near it stood a substantial mansion house of the plain, square style so common among the wealthy classes of that part of Virginia. Its inmates consisted of Mrs. Dulaney, a widow lady of elegant and refined manners, with her son and daughter. Edward had just reached his majority, and was then captain of the Fairfax Rifles, as successor of Captain Marr, who was killed a few weeks previously in a night charge of Federal dragons. Susan, just seventeen, was spending a few weeks with an aunt in the city of Washington. During the month of June, 1861, the Federals established a picket station at Falls Church, and their lines included Mrs. Dulaney's dwelling, but excluded her spring and stables. Though very much inconvenienced by their presence, yet the commanding officer allowed her major domo, Daddy Ned, to make tri-weekly trips to Washington with his milk wagon without molestation. His constant attendant was his daughter, Mary, who was one of her young mistress's maids, of the same age and similar stature.

The family with whom Susan was sojourning had many friends among Federal officers, and she soon became a great favorite, and more than one of them worshipped at the shrine of her wit and beauty; but none could win her heart, for true as the needle to the pole, it was fixed upon a dashing Virginia cavalryman, to whom she had been previously betrothed. In parting she promised him to ascertain the time when the Federal army would move on to Richmond. This information was of vital importance to the Confederates; without it, Beauregard's small force would be a slight impediment to the onward march of so great and fully equipped an army as McDowell had marshalled. Unless General Johnston, then in the valley, could reach Manassas in time to unite with Beauregard, the latter would be crushed. The Confederates had many agents in Washington; but down to the 13th of July nothing positive had been carried to Beauregard. Saturday evening before that date a brilliant array of uniforms shone in the parlors of Mrs. B.—Miss Susan's aunt, and among them the love-sick officer who was seeking to win her affections. Conducting her to a bay window, with impassioned earnestness he exclaimed: "Oh, Miss Sue! will you not have pity on me?"

"Ah! what can be the matter, Colonel? You are looking quite well, indeed!"

"When, then, mon ami, my looks fail to index my feelings. I have had a vision, or perhaps a dream. It seemed I was leading my regiment into the approaching battle with the rebels, and as I charged, a bullet struck me in the chest, and whilst I was falling into the arms of a friend I awoke."

"Why that is indeed a frightful dream! But you must remember our grandmothers have always taught us that dreams go by contraries, and I am sure the rule applies with force to yours, for there is not likely to be any more fighting, as all questions between the sections are to be adjusted by arbitration."

"Ah! my dear young lady, I wish it could be so; already enough blood has been shed by brothers of a common ancestry, to appease the masses of the departed leaders who commenced this strife (Sotto voce.) But alas! I peremptory march orders have been issued for Tuesday morning next."

"Twas this order, then, that caused your wretched dream?"

"Yes, no doubt, for I believe dreams are the reproduction for the most part of our waking thoughts."

"Then I pity you indeed, as you are wont to have such horrid waking thoughts!"

"A true to your badinage, ma chere mademoiselle; do be serious on the eve of our parting, perhaps to meet no more!"

"Why, Colonel, I was never more serious in my life, and I cannot but think, as you are such a dreamer, the order you mention come to you in a dream."

"Indeed, then, I will convince you of its reality, for I wish you to be serious and listen to me." Handing her a paper, he continued: "Here is, inter nos, the general order from headquarters; so you see there can be no mistake."

"Oh! I can it be so? How sad!" And here the young colonel eloquently told the story of his love for the fair young Southern girl, in utter forgetfulness of General Order No. 1, which she still kept in her possession. Meantime, she scarcely heard the declaration of love, so pre-occupied was she with the determination to keep that paper fraught with the destiny of her dear Southland. But she seemed to give earnest heed to his burning words, and while gradually concealing the paper, pleaded her youth and thoughtlessness, but said with the true feeling of a lady, that if he should be ordered into battle, she hoped he would not only escape death, but even the scratch of a wound, and be parted with her, hoping he would return from Richmond victorious, and fully claim her heart. But alas! the gallant Colonel—fell upon the field in a charge which he led near the Stone Bridge, and mirabile dictu! as he fell from his horse, aid-de-camp

Captain R— received him in his arms!

Trembling with anxiety our heroine spent that night and Sunday in planning how to pass the condon of guards which surrounded the city. Indeed no one could do so without a pass from provost-marshal's headquarters. Monday morning came, and with it Daddy Ned on his usual mission. In a moment she caught the idea. The maid, Mary, dashed upstairs to see "Missy." It took our heroine only a few minutes to explain to her faithful maid that she must remain at her aunt's, as she herself wanted to visit her mother. And so she donned May's gown and basque, and closely fitting sun-bonnet, with red shawl and thick brown veil; and lightly tripping out to the wagon, took her seat beside the impatient Daddy Ned.

And so accustomed were the sentinels and patrols to the old negro and his team, that he passed them all without undergoing examination or challenge. And before dusk our heroine was in her mother's chamber revealing to her the important mission she had undertaken.

But many difficulties remained to be surmounted before she could reach the Confederate lines. Daddy Ned was called in for his counsel and assistance. She must reach Bonham's headquarters early next morning. Daddy Ned had observed that the mounted patrol came at sunrise from the road she must travel, and the relief did not go out for an hour after sunset. "Den, missy, I take de horses to water at de spring, an' you come wid de pail on your head fur water jis' like dat gal do ebry mornin', den I put you on yo' ponny, and you jis' go long!"

Next morning, with pail on her head, and attired as before in her maid's costume, she passed the sentinels and reached the spring, mounted her favorite pony and rode towards the Confederate lines. In less than two hours, whilst displaying a white "kerchief" to her riding-whip, she was halted by a mounted picket: "What, ho! Can it be possible! What, you here, ma chere, Susie! My queen of hearts!" were exclamations which fell so fast from Lieutenant Tyler, Susan could only cry out: "O, Ernest, you mad-cap!"

"Stop this and conduct me to headquarters without delay. I am the Emily Geiger of this horrid war, and have important news!" Then, dear gossip, come! I am glad I have caught you! And so with hearts full of love for each other and devotion to their country, they rode into Colonel Ker-shaw's camp. Colonel Kershaw immediately conducted her to Bonham's headquarters. The latter placed in charge of his gallant aide-de-camp, James N. Lipscomb, who conducted her safely to Beauregard, at Mitchell's Ford. Then Beauregard was enabled to signal by flags to Johnston's look-out on the mountain top; and with Jackson's, Bee's and Bartow's brigades, Johnston marched across the country, wading the Shenandoah, and reached the field of action July 21st, in time to bear the "burden and heat of the day."

That events of that day carried sorrow to many hearts, is too well known to all; but to none a keener pang than our heroine. Friday, the 19th, her brother, Edward, was desperately wounded whilst leading the Fairfax Rifles in the engagement at Blackburn's Ford, and she and her mother hastened to the rear to soothe his sufferings. He died that day week. Again, in the last charge, which the Virginia cavalry made on the 21st, near the Lewis house, a charge which, in spirit and dash, was not surpassed at Ball's Bluff by the "Light Brigade," young Tyler fell, mortally wounded. And there upon the field of battle the dauntless girl found him. "Oh, Ernest, Ernest! you will not die! Do not leave me!" Faintly he whispered: "Hold my hand, dear Sun! The shadows of night are coming o'er me! Stay by me! for without thee, I dare not die!" "Oh, you must not die! I will freely give my life for thee!" But alas! it was otherwise ordered. As the shade of night came on, there amidst the green grass and the blooming clover, he passed into the dark valley of death, and gave up his young life at his country's call.

And now there are three graves in the old Cedar Grove churchyard: One Federal and two Confederates, enclosed by a curbstone of white marble, surmounted by a single shaft, inscribed with their name and virtues and representing the unity of the trinity of her affections, who, still beautiful, may be seen at "dewy eve" standing, waiting to be called; and on Memorial day, carefully adjusting on each a chaplet of arbutus and immortelles, and twining